

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

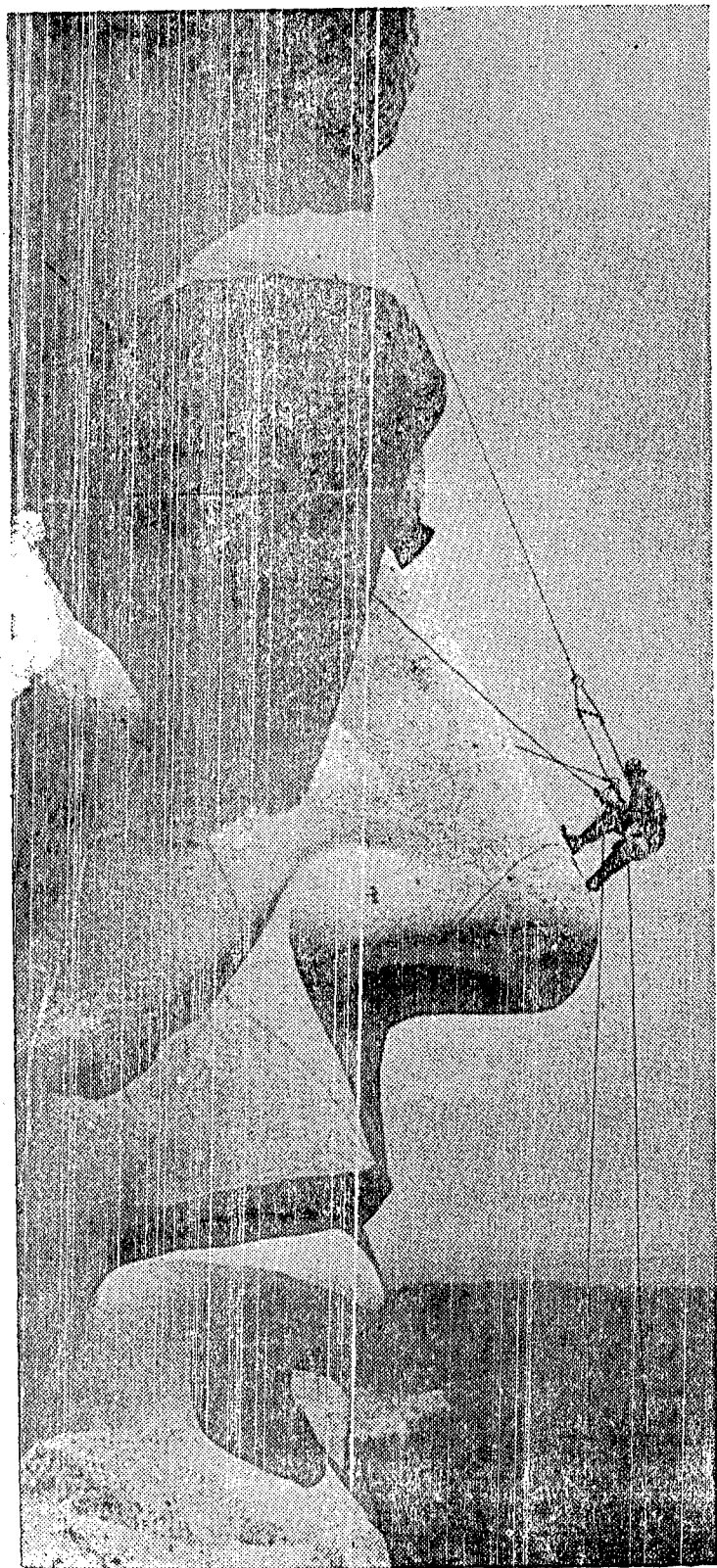
Every Wednesday—Fivepence

FOUNDED BY
ARTHUR MEE

7th July, 1962

ABRAHAM LINCOLN GETS A FACE-LIFT

Every year thousands of American tourists drive into the Black Hills of South Dakota to visit Mount Rushmore, the national memorial consisting of the heads of four Presidents carved out of the mountainside. An inspection of these giant faces, carried out twice yearly, was completed recently and a CN correspondent sent these notes describing the procedure.



THE three men crawling over the faces of the four Presidents were inspecting the results of the winter snows that form cracks in the age-old granite. It is a routine maintenance job, but the work is far from routine. From the top of Washington's noble brow there is a drop of 600 feet to the pile of broken granite below.

One slip of the hand-operated winch used to lower the men and the first fatal accident at Mt. Rushmore would be recorded.

Looking for cracks

The men are lowered from the top of the faces in bucket-type seats, suspended from a cable. Once on the face, each worker looks for newly-formed cracks, and fills them with a mixture of granite dust, white lead, and linseed oil.

Winch-operators can only raise and lower the repair man. To move from one side of the face to another, the man on the cable operates guylines, swinging his body and pushing against the granite with his feet.

The gigantic task of carving from the mountain side the faces of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt was started in 1929. The man in charge of operations was sculptor Gutson Borglum, and his workers were unemployed miners.

Twelve-year job

The work went on for twelve years and was almost completed when Borglum died in 1941. His son, Lincoln, completed the last few details and took down the aerial tramway and wooden scaffolding.

Borglum realised that this great monument would need occasional repair work and some of the granite dust was stored for just such repair.

Each figure at Rushmore is approximately 60 feet from the top of the head to the bottom of the chin, the four faces being scaled to those of men 465 feet tall. Workers will always have maintenance trouble with the four Presidents. New cracks will often be appearing—but twice a year the repair men will swing into action with another face-lift.

Watch your pockets when Toto's around



MIRROR FOR A PEACOCK

Rajah, a very handsome peacock on a Shropshire farm, has been given a mirror in which to admire himself. This is to stop him wandering on to the road to look at himself in the chromium-plated wheels or bumpers of picnickers' cars. Passing cars often had to swerve to avoid him, and he was several times nearly run over.

Rajah likes his mirror and preens himself before it every morning and afternoon.

TOWER ARMOUR MAY HELP SPACEMEN

American scientists have asked the Tower of London for details of armour there which may help to solve space-suit problems.

In a report it was stated: "Pressure failure in a space capsule lets an astronaut's suit expand, becoming almost rigid and immobilising the wearer."

"The old armourers solved the knight's mobility problem with beautifully articulated metal joints. Spacemen may do the same."

THE baby African elephant Toto, newly arrived from Mombasa, is already doing much to increase the London Zoo's "gate," writes Craven Hill, our zoo correspondent. Since her appearance, visitors have been much more numerous.

Toto—the name is Swahili for "Little One"—is temporarily living at the antelope house. But whenever the sun shines she is taken out for exercise by her keeper, 19-year-old Michael Weston (seen above). These outings provide a good deal of amusement. For though she is still a baby—she is only about two years old—Toto is already getting quite artful, particularly in touting for titbits, her favourite being a slice of orange.

Watch her when a visitor approaches to pet her. During the petting Toto's little trunk-tip will probably be dipping furtively into the nearest coat pocket or picnic basket. As one keeper put it: "Before long we look like having a pickpocket on our hands!"

Toto's normal rations consist of carrots, hay, and milk, but what puzzles zoo officials is her passion for oranges. Said one: "As a rule, this fruit does not appeal to elephants. We once had one who, when offered an orange, would throw it back. But Toto promptly pleads for more, her 'pleading' being an uncontrolled squeal."

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Readers' Letters

Millenary

Dear Sir,—On reading the letters about schools of a hundred years or more, I felt that I must write and tell you about my school.

My school, the Old Palace Grammar School, Croydon, celebrated its *Millenary* year in 1960, which means it was built in A.D. 960.

It used to be the summer residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and it was here that King James I of Scotland was kept prisoner, Henry VIII courted Katherine of Aragon, Cranmer tried Frith for heresy, Queen Elizabeth I gave Sir Christopher Hatton the Seal of England, and Archbishop Laud received news of the death of the Duke of Buckingham.

In 1960 Queen Elizabeth II visited it and saw an excerpt from a pageant of the school's history.

Gillian A. Hawthorn (14), Addiscombe, Croydon.

Guide book

Dear Sir,—I am preparing to become a First Class Guide, and for part of the test I have to compile a book of cuttings and articles about the origin of Guiding, up to the present day. I have been taking the CN for five years, and have found the items about Guiding very interesting and useful for my book.

Alison Baxter (13), Glossop, Derbyshire.

Word from Malaya

Dear Sir,—I have been reading the CN for more than four years. I am a girl of 16 and very interested in corresponding and exchanging stamps and First Day Covers with boys and girls from all over the world—especially with those in British Commonwealth countries like Malta, Gibraltar, Cyprus, Falkland Islands, and Seychelles.

Therefore I would be very thankful if you will kindly publish this letter.

Helen Lau, 49 Main Road, Papan, Perak, Malaya.

Staying on Saay

Dear Sir,—I am at the moment on an unusual holiday in Scotland, staying on an island off the south of Skye called Saay. Only nine people live on the island, so when our family of six arrived it nearly doubled the population.

Only three children go to the school on the island. There is a factory which was originally used for salting herrings to sell to the Russians. It was later used as a shark fishery but is now derelict, as are most of the crofter cottages. The three families who live here make their living by lobster fishing and animal breeding.

There is great excitement when the mail boat arrives once a fortnight with the mail, food, and the odd holiday visitor.

Michael Turner (9), of Llan-samlet, Swansea.

Why don't you write to me this week? (The Editor, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.)

Well, is it?

Dear Sir,—I have had eleven pen-pals! I started when I was nine, and at the moment am in touch with seven girls.

I have had four girls in England, three in the USA, one each in Jamaica, France, Israel, and Australia.

Is this a record?

Christine Atkinson (13½), Pudsey, Yorks.

Jacko the donkey who was saved

Dear Sir,—If any of your readers are interested in riding they might like to hear about a donkey called Jacko, who was saved from slaughter. Originally, he was a beach donkey, working hard for his living at the age of two or three years; but, presumably due to ill-treatment, he became vicious and spiteful, so he was sent to the slaughterhouse. Fortunately, the RSPCA spotted him and removed him to a good home.

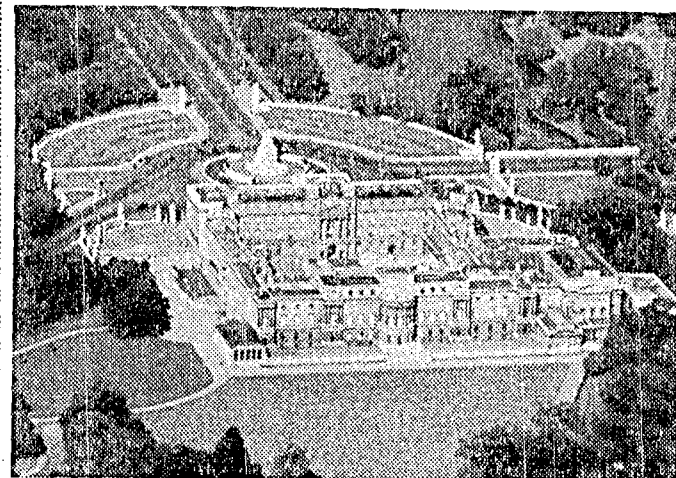
At first he was ill-mannered and bit everyone, but with kind yet firm treatment he became as good as gold. He has now been trained to jump and is quite a gifted little donkey. He lives in a five-acre field with another donkey, and occasionally also a pony, as company.

Caroline J. Cannicott, Cheddar.

KNOW YOUR NEWS

ROYAL PARTIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE ONLY

By our Special Correspondent



Buckingham Palace from the air

THE season of Royal garden parties has begun. And this year the Queen has started a new fashion to meet changing times—Royal parties for **YOUNG PEOPLE ONLY**.

Last month she gave the first of these at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, for about 600 Scottish students, sixth formers, and youth leaders. Most of the guests were teenagers of 17 to 19.

Next Monday the Queen and Prince Philip will be "at home" at Buckingham Palace to several hundred more young people—from the Commonwealth this time.

As in Edinburgh, there will be no pomp, no ceremony, and no fuss.

The Queen is insisting that everyone shall feel at ease. She and the other members of the Royal Family want to shake hands with as many young people as possible and to chat to them informally.

The traditional garden parties, at which morning dress and top hats are worn by the men, and the ladies wear sumptuous summer hats and dresses, will also be held, as usual. They, too, bring people in all walks of life to Buckingham Palace and serve a useful purpose.

No-one knows better how to unbend graciously than our Queen in her allotted role of royal wife, mother, symbol of an ancient monarchy, and Head of the Commonwealth.

Her Commonwealth guests next week come from all climes, races and creeds and some of them may well be agreeably surprised to find that British Royalty can be far less bound by etiquette on appropriate occasions than the leaders of some republics.

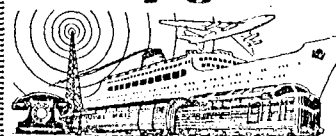
These youth-only parties are intended to be such occasions. There will be none of the stiff formality which used to accompany the "Presentation"

of debutantes, abandoned some years ago.

During the first eleven years of her reign our Queen, now 36, has relaxed some of the less essential Court customs. Garden parties at which the Queen and her husband, with other members of the Royal Family, walk among the guests, have turned out a great success.

Large though Buckingham Palace is—with 40 acres of gardens and five acres of lake—it will seem very lively indeed next week as the Queen's young guests get together for a chat.

Briefly...



Five Indian and three English girls at Nottingham have raised £5 10s. for the blind by holding their own jumble sale.

Teenagers of Brading, Isle of Wight, have formed a "do-it-yourself" group to paint and decorate a room in the local church hall during their summer holidays.

Preserving Brownsea

The Boy Scouts' Association has given the National Trust £25,000 towards the preservation of Brownsea Island in Poole Harbour, Dorset, the birthplace of Scouting. It is hoped to establish a camp on the site of the first one held there by Lord Baden-Powell in 1907.

Two letters arrived at Ashover Zoo, Derbyshire, addressed to "Pablo Esq." The zoo's reply explained that Pablo is a chimp.

Roller skating enthusiasts in Sheffield have been granted permission to use an old bandstand at certain times in the week.

HUNDRETH BIRTHDAY FOR ALICE

ON 4th July, 1862, the story everyone knows as *Alice in Wonderland* was first told. Its full title is *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

This world-famous story was made up, as he went along, by a young and rather eccentric Oxford mathematics tutor named C. L. Dodgson during a river picnic. It was a very hot afternoon, and Mr. Dodgson and a friend had arranged to take the three daughters of the Dean of his college on the river. Their names were Lorina, Alice and Edith Liddell and they appear in the story as Lory, Alice (the heroine) and Eaglet.

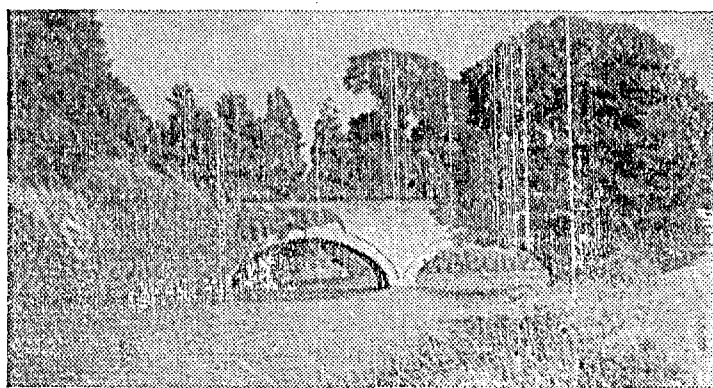
With a huge picnic basket aboard they rowed up the Thames for about three miles to a beautiful spot called Godstow where there is a ruined Priory. Then, because of the heat, they decided to tie up the boat and sit in the shade of a newly-made haystack. The girls demanded that Mr. Dodgson go on with the story he had started in the boat; and it was so funny that when they all got back to the college that evening Alice begged the author to write it out for her. This he did in a little green book with over 90 pages of his own handwriting.

Later, the book was published under the author's pen-name of Lewis Carroll. Alice, when an old lady, sold the green manuscript book for £15,400 and it is now in America.

Godstow, near Oxford, where the story of *Alice in Wonderland* was first told.



Alice as Sir John Tenniel drew her in the book (published by Macmillan) and (below) the real Alice, from part of a painting of the three Liddell sisters by Sir William Richmond.



WHO'S WHO AT THE ZOO

The Little Owls have a big job on hand

CHIEF excitement in London Zoo's bird department just now is the nesting of a pair of Little Owls. The birds were paired on their arrival a few years ago but they haven't nested until now.

"When keepers found that the owls wanted to nest we provided the birds with a hollow log," Mr. John Yealland, the Curator of Birds, told me. "This was laid horizontally on the floor of the cage, and twigs and leaves and carpenter's chippings were left lying about near by."

"Before long both owls were busy taking these into the log. Now the female is sitting on eggs, although we don't know yet how many she has—as a rule there are four or five to a clutch. The male stands ceaselessly on guard, on top of the log. He gives no assistance to his mate in the incubation of the eggs, but he should become active and helpful in feeding his young as soon as they are hatched."

The little coati needs to be fed ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

A BABY South American ring-tailed coati (small bear-like animal related to the raccoons) was born in London Zoo the other day, but was deserted by its mother. However, it has found a sympathetic foster-mother. She is Mrs. Mary Haynes, secretary to Dr. Desmond Morris, the Curator of Mammals.

"When Mrs. Haynes heard of the infant's plight she offered to take complete charge of it," said an official. "Mrs. Haynes kept the baby in a basket well lined with hot-water bottles, and began by feeding it every three hours with milk administered through a fountain-pen filler. Later she obtained a small feeding-bottle."

"Mrs. Haynes keeps the baby coati beside her during the day and every evening takes it to her home in Maida Vale, where it sleeps beside her bed—and is fed every three hours throughout the night. The baby, which is about as big as a newborn kitten, is an odd little chap—at present it looks 'all head and tail'. Mrs. Haynes has named him 'Don Pancho' and he seems to be doing very well."

"A few days ago Mrs. Haynes tried putting a baby rabbit in the cot beside him as company, but this scheme didn't work. The coati proved too boisterous for the

rabbit and tended to worry it, so Mrs. Haynes removed it.

"Coatis are quaint-looking animals," the officer added, "adults being about the size of a small fox, with very short legs and long, flattened bodies. They have long snouts extending far beyond the lower lip, which gives them their alternative name of 'proboscis bears.' In South America young coatis are often kept as pets in the courtyards of larger houses. It is very rare for the species to breed in captivity."

Kaa, the nine-foot python fondly embracing these youngsters, could crush a man to death. But that does not worry Diana and Jeremy Keeling. They and Kaa are old friends and they all live at Ashover Zoo, Derbyshire.



Who's afraid of snakes?

Biting the hand that feeds them

IN the reptile section two dangerous little East African snakes, a pair of two-foot long Leaf Vipers, sent to the zoo recently from Nairobi, have surprised keepers by producing a family.

"We had no idea that a brood could be expected," said Mr. R. A. Lanworn, Overseer of the reptile section. "But the other morning we found six baby vipers

wriggling about with their parents. They were born alive, like most of the viper family, and are the first of their kind to be bred here."

"The problem now is to get these babies 'on the feed.' We keep trying, offering them cut-up earthworms, but so far only one or two have taken the food. The trouble is, one cannot hand-feed them. They are as venomous as their parents and extraordinarily aggressive, seeming only to want

to get a bite at your finger. They strike with amazing swiftness."

"Leaf Vipers are also known as Palm Vipers," Mr. Lanworn added. "This is because they are usually found either coiled around the bases of palm leaves, or more often hiding in some small cavity at the base of the trunk. Their bite does not normally cause death, but it can certainly put the victim on the sick-list for quite a while."

CRAVEN HILL

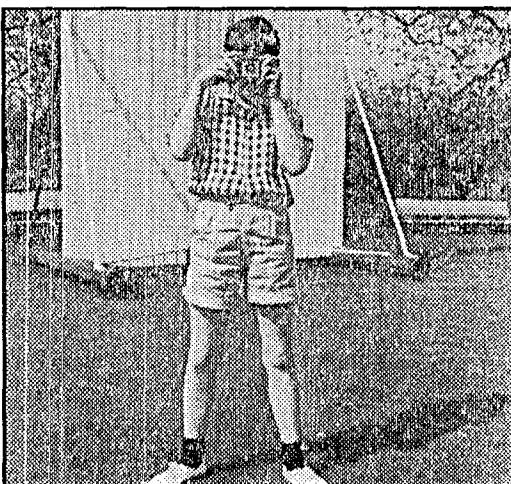
"Here's how to get bright clear snaps"

says Peter Drummond of Manchester Grammar School

Fourteen-year-old Peter Drummond has been a member of the Photographic Society ever since he entered Manchester Grammar School. He has also been the Junior School representative on the society committee, whose older members are all sixth-formers.

Kodak

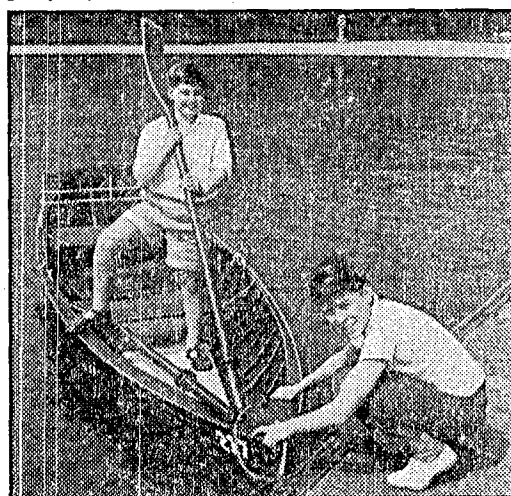
'KODAK' AND 'BROWNIE' ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS



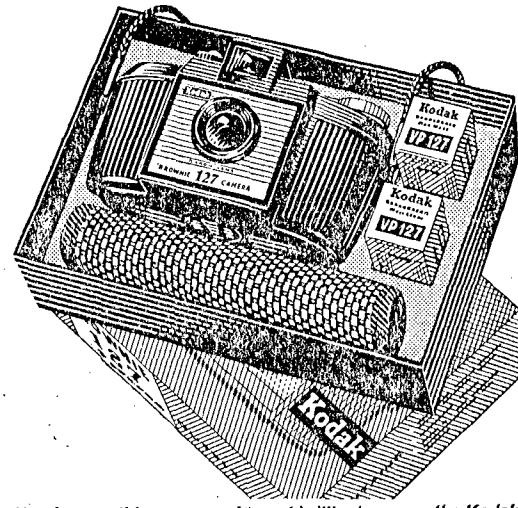
1. Keep the camera steady; if it shakes, your picture will be blurred. Stand with feet apart, hold your breath and gently s-q-u-e-e-z-e the shutter release.



2. Get close up to your subject; with a modern camera, like the 'Brownie' 127, you can take snaps from about 5 ft.

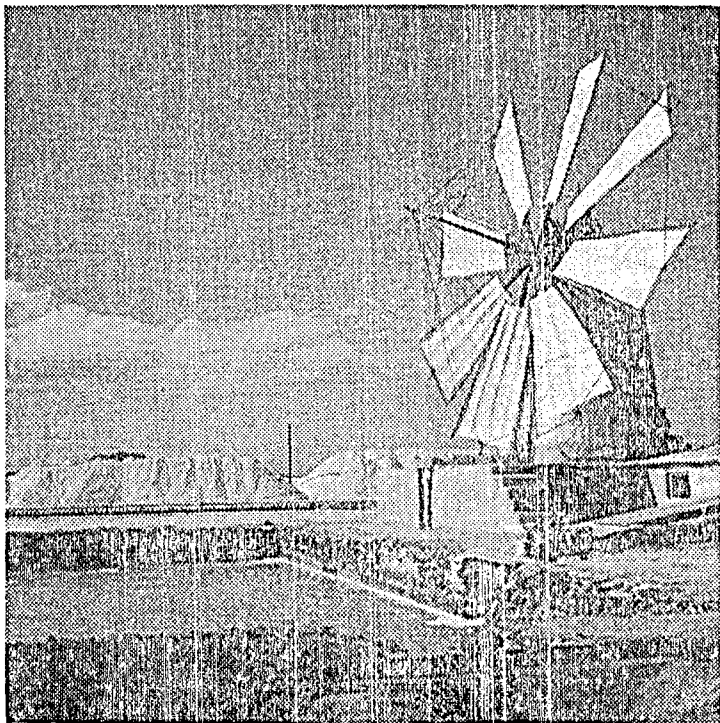


3. Make your subjects stand out; choose backgrounds that are either lighter or darker. Water, a beach, grass or distant trees often make excellent backgrounds.



Here's everything you need to get brilliant snaps—the Kodak 'Brownie' 127 outfit, containing easy-to-use 'Brownie' 127 camera, case and 2 rolls of 'Verichrome' Pan film: only 37/-. Camera alone. 25/2d.

THIS WIDE WORLD



PIRATE RAID ON SUVA

Pirates raided Suva, in the Fiji Islands, the other day and carried off 50 children. But the "pirates" were members of the crew of HMS *Cook*, Royal Navy survey vessel, and they carried the children to a film show and other entertainment on their ship.

Aden with a pinch of salt

At Aden salt is evaporated from sea water and stored in mounds. The windmill then grinds the raw material into a fine powder.

WONDERFUL STORIES!

They're out now—the latest issues of **SCHOOL FRIEND PICTURE LIBRARY**, featuring favourites from the famous weekly for schoolgirls.



No. 11 TRACY'S FASHION SCHOOL
A new job for lively Tracy Jones! She teaches fashion modelling in a charming Edwardian house—but a neighbour is determined to upset the fashion school!

No. 12 THE HORSE FROM NOWHERE
Out of the darkness gallops a magnificent horse to Penny West's stables at Pine Ridge. Where does he come from? What is the mystery behind him?

Get these super stories from your newsagent, today!

school friend
PICTURE LIBRARY ONE SHILLING EACH

Corporal versus Witch Doctor

A WITCH DOCTOR and an RAF corporal are competing to gain the confidence of sick Arabs at Riyan, a small RAF post on the South Arabian coast.

The sorcerer is Sayed Sharif, an old man with long hair and flowing robes who is believed to hold powers of life and death. His treatment by spells, curses, and inflicting burns is challenged by Corporal C. Thomas, who looks after the health of 55 RAF men at the post and also attends some of the Arab families.

"The older Arabs are in favour of the witch doctor," he says. "When they are ill he burns them, or paints them with some horrible tar. If the pain is in the left arm he paints the right. It even works sometimes!

"If they appear to be dying, then I am called in. I treat them with pills, tablets, and injections—which they love—or send them to the Arab hospital 20 miles away. Gradually the Arabs are coming to me for treatment first, especially the young ones.

"The witch doctor and I have never met, but it would be most interesting to compare cases."

ALL THAT AND HAILSTONES TOO

During a violent tornado which swept the State of Wyoming recently the inhabitants had also to endure a bombardment of hailstones an inch-and-a-half across.

Perhaps our British climate isn't so bad after all.

NICE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT

A party of physical training instructors from a Royal New Zealand Air Force station tried spending three days in the pouring rain with nothing to eat but what grew in the bush.

During this endurance test they lived on cabbage tree and fungus; when the party got back to base they said they could have lasted twice the time on this diet.

Palace for Moscow children

After taking four years to build, the Children's Palace has just been opened in Moscow. It lies in a new park surrounded by sports fields, and a pond with a flotilla of boats. There are rooms for games, meetings, exhibitions of children's work besides a theatre, a cinema, concert halls, a planetarium and an observatory.

Sir Edmund and the Sherpa teacher

Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Everest, is to lead an expedition to the Himalayas next March. But he will not go there purely to conquer mountains—he is to set up schools for the Sherpas of Nepal. Here he is with a Sherpa who is being trained as a teacher.



How to mend a turtle

Jasper, a land turtle belonging to a Californian family, decided to leave the back yard where he had lived for three years and take a look at the outside world. As a result he was run over by a car, his front leg was broken, and his shell ripped open, exposing a lung.

That seemed the end of poor old Jasper, but the four children insisted on his being taken to the veterinary surgeon, who was a little puzzled by this unusual patient.

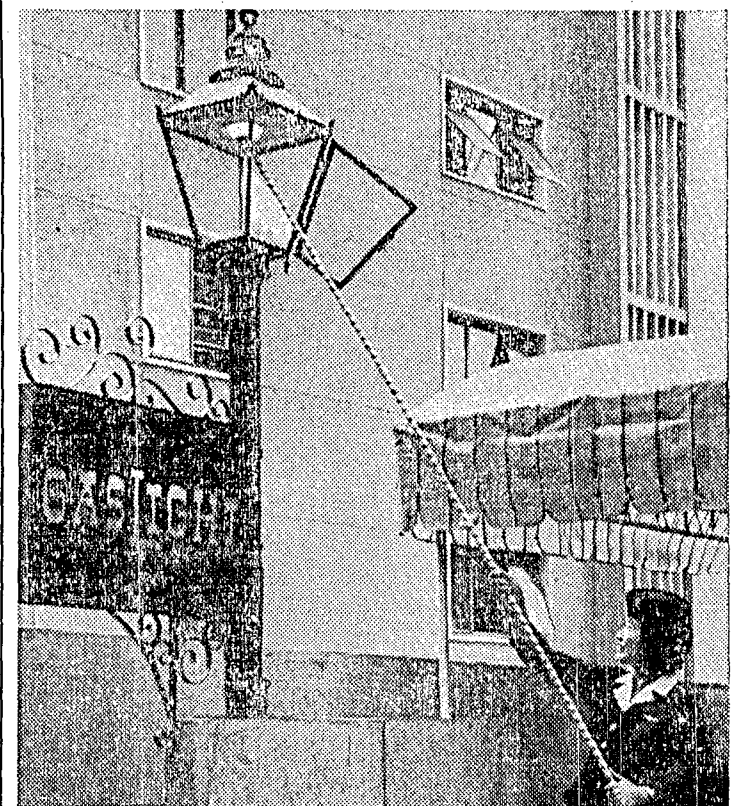
However, he set to work; gave Jasper penicillin and streptomycin, and sewed the broken shell together with thin stainless-steel wire. Then he enclosed the turtle in a plaster cast and hoped for the best. Jasper is now doing well.

OFF TO THE MOON!

We shall soon be colonising the Moon, according to American scientist Dr. Theodore B. Taylor. Addressing a meeting at the University of Texas, he said that by 1970 men will have landed on the Moon, ten years later factories will be working there, and regular services between Earth and the Moon will be carrying hundreds of passengers every year.

Lighting-up time in Tokyo

This gaslamp was recently installed above an aptly-named restaurant in Tokyo. But from Victorian times until a year or two ago the lamp stood in London's Lambeth Walk.



Jonquil Antony's Column



"HOW I loathe my school uniform!" writes Eva Morris, of Greenwich. Well, breaking up time isn't far away, and then uniforms can be put away and forgotten.

Recently a revolution took place at a girls' school, Redhill, in Johannesburg, South Africa. Perhaps Redhill is leading the way for everyone else; certainly this is a subject that is being thought about now.

The headmistress of Redhill had very advanced ideas about school dress—so advanced indeed that she applied to the house of Dior in Paris, for suggestions. She thought the old "Panama" hat could be replaced by a Jackie Kennedy pill-box, for one thing.

"School dress up to now," she said firmly, "has been every young girl's pet hate. It is not flattering. And often it's not practical either." Away with gym slips, black stockings, and those round felt and "Panama" hats with elastic under the chin!



Before and after. The girls of Redhill in and out of uniform.



HERE'S the tortoise's menu I promised you last week. It makes a nice varied diet. "A lettuce a day" is a good motto for tortoises, and they also enjoy tomatoes and bananas. Surprisingly enough, they fancy bread and jam, but don't give them too much of this at a time as they can't digest it—and since they like it, they'll most likely be greedy about it.

Leaves from rose bushes, clover, dandelion and lupin, all kinds of soft fruits, pea and bean husks are also popular. And if you really want to keep your tortoise in the pink, add a drop of halibut oil

SCHOOLS in other countries have many customs which are novel to us. American schools, for instance, have an annual holiday called "Arbor Day." A law was passed in 1885 about it, and it really means "Tree Day."

On Arbor Day all the children plant trees, some in the school grounds, some in their gardens. The trees grow with the children, and years later you can come back to your school as an "old girl" and find that sapling you put in has grown into a wide and spreading tree.



WHEN you're putting away your school uniform, you may unearth a last year's holiday dress that seems to look a bit dreary. Why not try cheering it up with some of the pretty Continental braid you can get in the shops now, embroidered with Alpine flowers and tiny hearts? You buy it by the yard and you can put it on the neck or the hem; you can also decorate plain cushions, covers, or curtains for your room with it.

ASK MR. THERM!

Here are some more questions that you have asked Mr. Therm. He has enjoyed reading all your letters and picking the lucky winners of Book Tokens. You have given him lots of ideas about what to write about next!

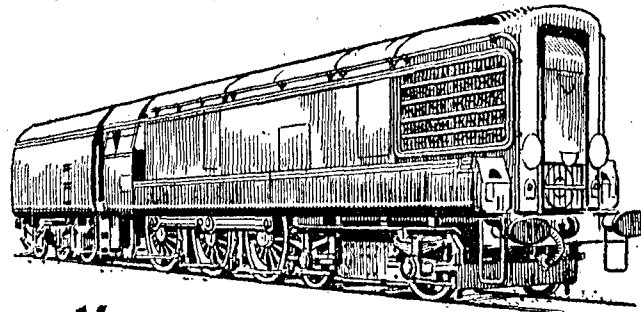
Let gas solve all your problems too. Mr. Therm is always at your service—call him in to give you modern comfort and a cosy home.

What is a Gas Turbine Engine?

John Curtis of Hove wins a £2 2s. Book Token for this question.

This is the G73 gas turbine locomotive, 2700 horse power. Weight 123 tons, overall length 68 ft. carries 2000 gallons of fuel and 1750 galls. water, load 15 tons, 4-6-0 wheel arrangement.

A gas turbine works on the principle that when a fuel oil is heated and burnt in air it expands greatly in volume. If this is made to happen in a closed chamber, a high pressure is developed which can be used to drive a turbine, that is, a rotary engine with blades turned by the stream of pressure pushing on them. The fuel oil is led in a steady stream into a pre-heated chamber where it mixes as a fine spray with air. It vapourises into a gas, pressure is built up, the blades of the turbine are made to spin. On leaving the turbine, the gas is still hot enough to go back again to help in pre-heating the chamber, and then it goes to the exhaust.

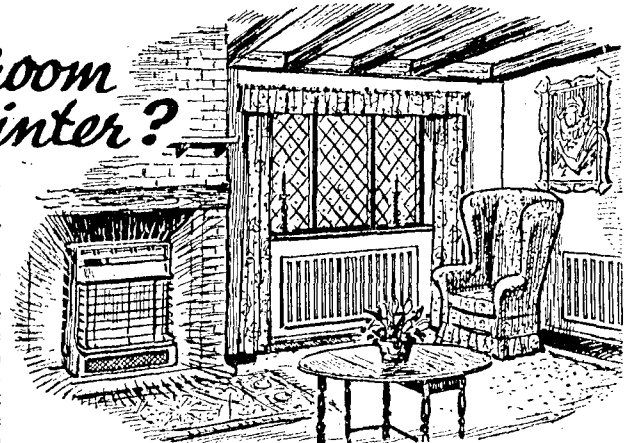


In earlier gas turbine locomotives the turbine drove a DC generator and electric motors. This one here, at present on trial in British Railways West Region, has a direct drive from the turbine through gears to the wheels. Mr. Therm's gas is used to produce and harden the metal parts of the locomotive. We could drive a train by town gas, but how ever would we connect the train to the gas mains?

How can we keep a large room warm in winter?

Daphne Burgess of Ashford wins a £2 2s. Book Token for this question.

By gas, of course! This is a huge draughty Elizabethan room, full of cold nooks even with a blazing fire going. Mr. Therm comes to the rescue with his small bore central heating. See the panel radiator under the window? Everything is fixed in place without bother because only finger-slim copper tubing is used. It can be run through walls and round skirting boards without harming the decorations. The boiler in the kitchen is only turned up and down when the thermostat in the room tells it, so no gas is wasted. The gas room heater gives glowing extra heat for sitting by—cosy Mr. Therm!



Issued by the Gas Council

What temperatures do the numbers on the oven thermostat mean?

GAS OVEN CHART			
TYPES OF FOOD	THERMOSTAT SETTING	APPROX. TEMP CENTRE OVEN	HEAT OF OVEN
FRUIT BOTTLING	1/4	240°	VERY COOL
STEWES	1/2	265°	
CUSTARD & EGG DISHES, MILK PUDDS.	1	290°	COOL
RICH FRUIT CAKE	2	310°	
SLOW ROASTING, SHORTBREAD	3	335°	WARM
MADEIRA & PLAIN FRUIT CAKE, BISCUITS	4	355°	
QUEEN CAKES, SPONGES	5	380°	FAIRLY HOT
PLAIN BUNS, PLATE TARTS, SHORT PASTRY	6	400°	
QUICK ROASTING, SCONES	7	425°	HOT
FLAKY PASTRY	8	445°	
PUFF PASTRY	9	470°	

Elizabeth Patterson of Poole wins a £2 2s. Book Token for this question.

Here is a chart that tells you exactly what you want to know! Remember that the oven is hotter at the top than at the bottom, and these figures here are for the temperature in the middle of the oven. If you would like a card like this to hang up near your gas cooker to remind you, you can get one from your gas showrooms. There is always someone there who is glad to answer your queries, and to help you get the best out of your gas appliances.

GAS HOMES ARE COSY HOMES

THIS WEEK Comes the 4th of July . . . AMERICAN



The 4th July is the USA's biggest public holiday and a great time for firework parties.

JULY 4TH, great public holiday in USA, is the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence by which the American colonists broke away from Britain and became a nation on their own.

The signing took place at Philadelphia, in 1776, and the immortal document (still carefully preserved by the State Department) was drawn up by the great American patriot Thomas Jefferson with the help of John Adams (later first US ambassador to London) and Benjamin Franklin, the famous scientist.

Rebellion had already broken out spasmodically some years before, including the dramatic "Boston Tea Party" when colonists, disguised as

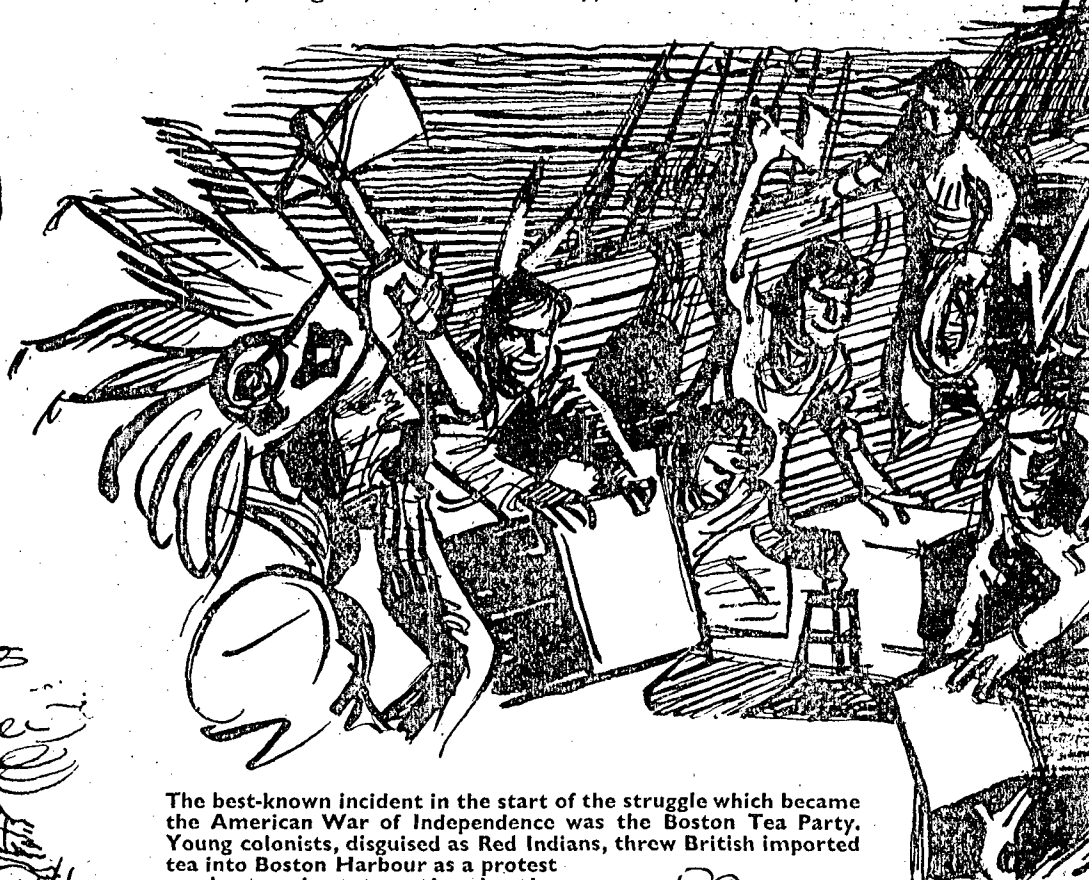
Red Indians, threw chests of tea imported from Britain into Boston harbour because they had to pay a tax on it and thought this unfair.

The fighting broke out at Lexington, near Boston, in 1775, when armed farmers were fired on by a British column, and was followed by the costly British victory of Bunker Hill.

Next year the colonists attacked Canada (but failed to capture Quebec) while the British planned to capture New York (which they eventually did). It was during this period that the Declaration of Independence was signed, cementing American resistance under the brilliant General George Washington, and uniting the often quarrelling colonists.

Finally, with France, Holland and

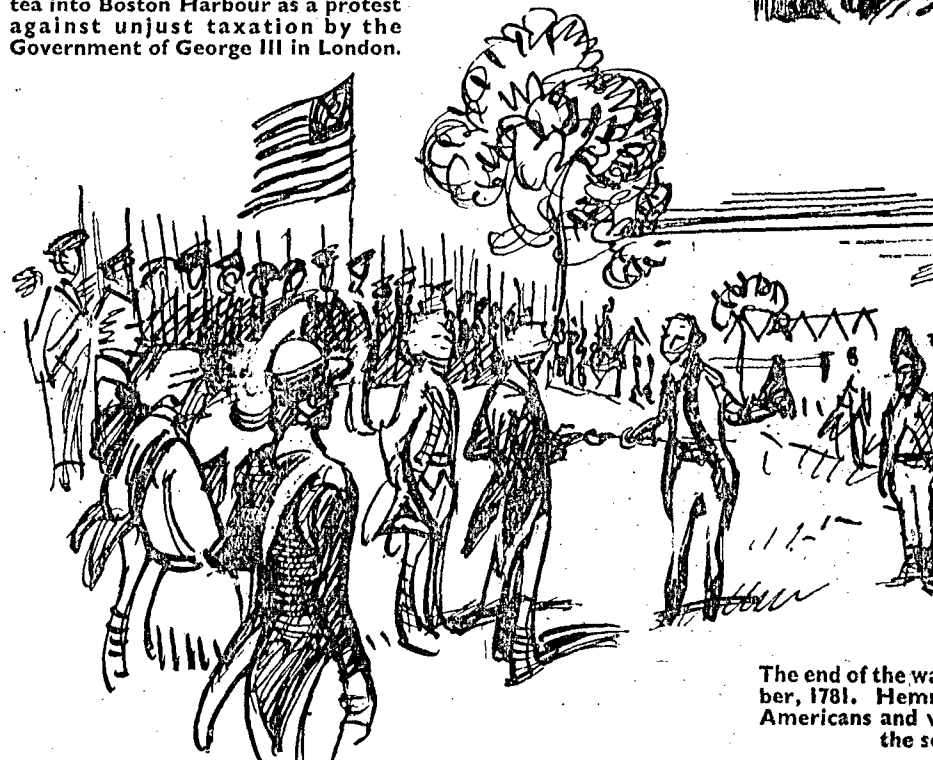
Spain and of the corn York Al fleet



The best-known incident in the start of the struggle which became the American War of Independence was the Boston Tea Party. Young colonists, disguised as Red Indians, threw British imported tea into Boston Harbour as a protest against unjust taxation by the Government of George III in London.



The first full-scale battle of the war was at Bunker Hill, just outside Boston, which the troops of George III were advancing to capture. After being repulsed twice, with heavy loss, the royal army, supported by the guns of the fleet, captured the position, June 17, 1775.



The end of the war, 1781. Hessian Americans and with the sea

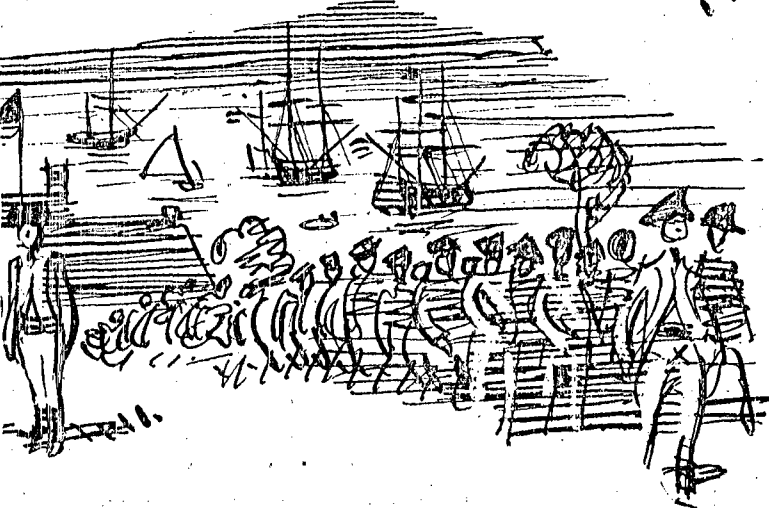
INDEPENDENCE DAY!

taking the chance to attack Britain across the Royal Navy in many parts of the world, the Americans were able to defeat the chief British force on the York River at Yorktown, Virginia. After a fight with a superior French fleet the Navy had to draw off to refit its

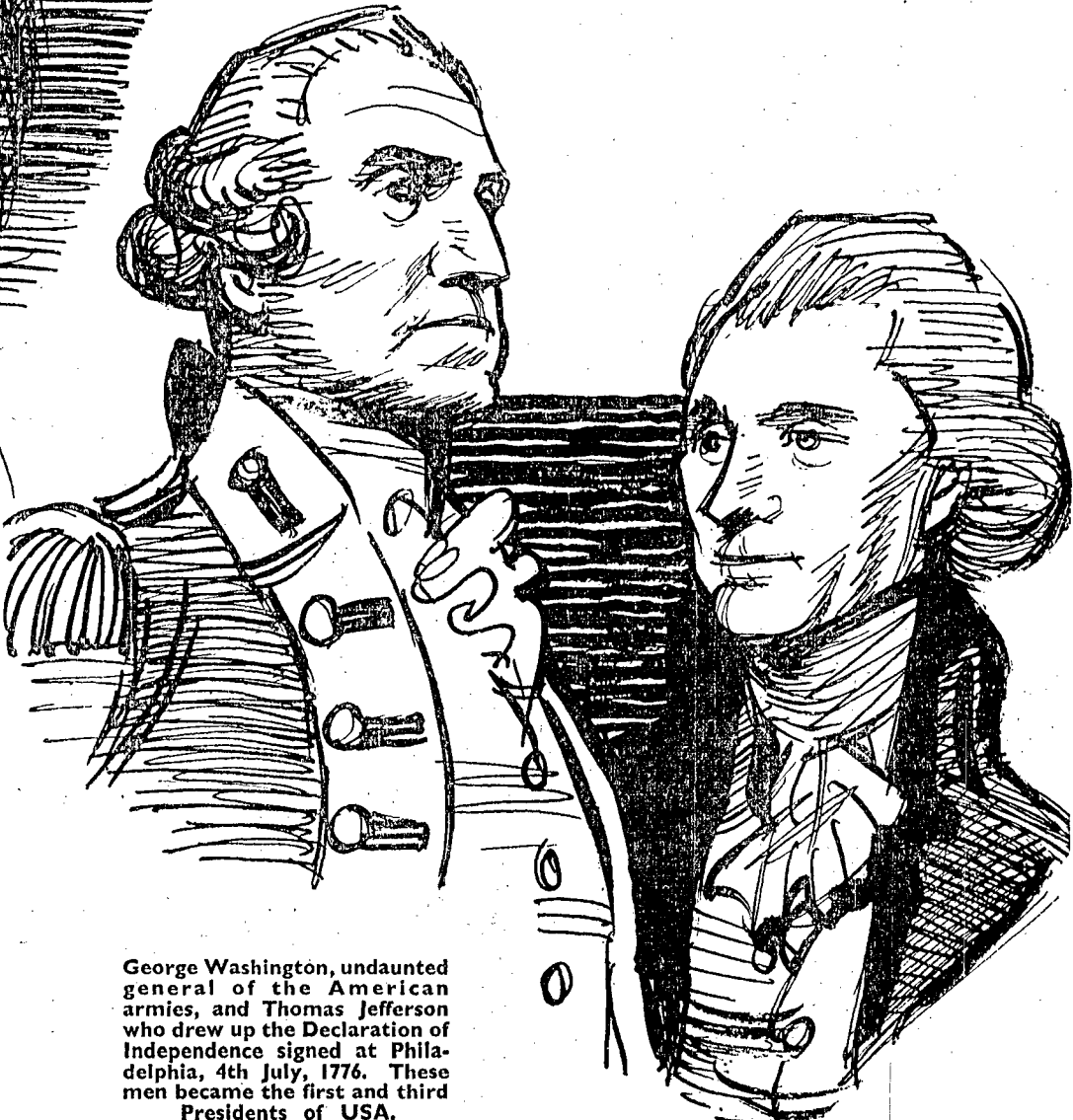
damaged ships and then, deprived of help from the sea and after a vain attempt to break through the enemy lines, the British force of about 6,000 surrendered to the combined American and French army of about 16,000 men on 19th October, 1781.



The first skirmish of the war occurred at the village of Lexington, near Boston (April 19, 1775). British troops, on their way to seize a store of weapons, fired on some American volunteers. A memorial stone still marks the spot.



The battle came at Yorktown, Virginia 19th October 1781. Defeated in by a superior force of French and British with a French fleet cutting off help from the sea, the British surrendered.



George Washington, undaunted general of the American armies, and Thomas Jefferson who drew up the Declaration of Independence signed at Philadelphia, 4th July, 1776. These men became the first and third Presidents of USA.

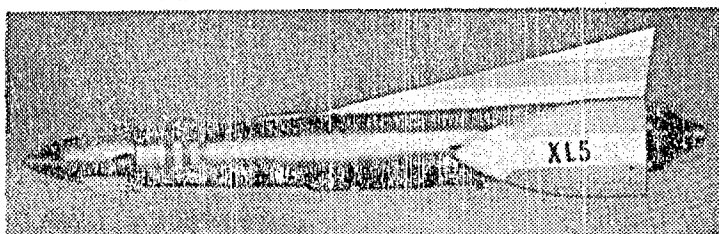


by Ernest Thomson

New light on The Dark Island

BECAUSE of programme retiming due to the Wimbledon Tennis championships the BBC decided to postpone Robert Barr's TV serial *The Dark Island* (CN last week) from 2nd July to 8th July, next Sunday. This is a clear win for young viewers. It will now be seen in junior TV instead of at 8 p.m., as planned.

FIREBALL WILL SOON BE ON ITS WAY TO SPACE



HERE is the first picture of Fireball XL 5, the new spaceship which will soon zoom into vision on ATV as companion craft to Mike Mercury's *Supercar*.

The captain, as first disclosed in CN last May, will be Steve Zodiac, a £300 puppet with electronic eyes and lips who will steer Fireball XL 5 to one planet after another throughout the Solar System. According to Gerry Anderson, who produces the Mike Mercury films, the Fireball may even penetrate beyond the outermost planets.

"We've had to treble the size of our Slough studios," he told me. "It's the only way to cope with the immensities of the Universe."

SOS Wild Life

MANY young people have asked me recently about the World Wildlife Fund of which Prince Philip is the President of the British Appeal, and Peter Scott the Chairman. Paddy and Jane have joined in the chorus and it was their idea that I should tell you a little about it.

Briefly, the idea is to raise money in all countries of the world to help save many of the rare wild animals from becoming extinct. This is a real threat; and it must be realised that once an animal has become extinct it has gone for good. No effort on our part can bring it back.

We, in Britain, have these problems. The danger to birds, and animals of other kinds—to say nothing of wild flowers—is always hanging over them due to the use of poisonous sprays and

Dangerfield (Stanley) returns with West (Peter)

MORE than a month ago, over a cup of tea, Peter West was telling me how glad he was that *Good Companions* would be back soon. "It's my favourite programme," he said.

He will be a happy man, then, at 6.35 p.m. next Monday, teaming up again with Stanley Dangerfield for a new run of this popular BBC television programme.

"Isn't it odd?" said Peter. "Two of the most popular animal men on TV both named Dangerfield—Grahame on Associated-Rediffusion and Stanley on the BBC!"

In Monday's opening edition of *Good Companions*, viewers will be taken to Leamington Spa to visit the Guide Dogs for the Blind training centre.



ROUND THE WORLD WITH BLUE PETER

LIKE to go round the world in a fleet of different BOAC airliners? That is the new plan for BBC junior TV's *Blue Peter*, following the recent eight-week sea voyage to and from Durban on the "Transvaal Castle."

Said Producer John Furness: "Viewers deluged us with so many letters of thanks that we've decided

on a repeat, but this time in the air. We're working out routes so as to be airborne in time for *Blue Peter* on 9th July. Of course, covering the globe with an assortment of airliners is more complicated than sticking to one ship like the 'Transvaal Castle,' but we'll manage."

Films will be taken in flight on the main air routes. There will be interviews with airliner captains and visits to the cockpits. The full story will be told of the Junior Jack Club, which is specially organised for children flying long distances. They are given a log book, and after each "hop" the book is signed by the captain. After a certain number of flying hours, boys and girls get a certificate.

Teleprinter messages

During the "Transvaal Castle" voyage, you will remember, there were direct radiophone calls between the ship and the TV studio, with Chris Trace and Anita West chatting with the ship's purser and children's hostess. This is not possible with airliners, but in the course of each programme it is hoped to exchange messages by teleprinter.

By the way, have you been working on Chris Trace's Go-Kart design? John Furness tells me that more than 4,000 viewers have written in for the "do-it-yourself" blue-print and extra staff have been taken on to cope. "We're completely up to the ears in letters," he said.

Pit your wits against the Quiz King again

JOHN IRWIN, known as the Quiz King on ITV, maintained his reputation when he returned to the BBC last summer and launched *Pit Your Wits*. At 6.20 p.m. next Tuesday this popular brain-teaser begins a new series.

General knowledge posers will again be put to the home audience by Gwyneth Tighe from County Wicklow and Kenneth Kendall, the former BBC newsreader.

Disqualified—unless the hippo in the picture is your pet

HIPPOTAMUSES, most of them yawning, are favourites among the thousands of pictures which have been sent in for BBC junior radio's *Pets and People* photographic competition. Results will be announced next Tuesday.

"Most of the hippos make lovely pictures," said Neville Maude, who set the competition. "Unfortunately they're disqualified because listeners didn't listen! I asked for pets—not zoo animals. The same goes for all the lions and tigers that have poured in."

The big surprise is that cat pictures outnumber dogs by four to one. "Yet dogs are easier to photograph than cats," said Mr. Maude.

The entries show that more girls than boys are interested in photography up to the age of 14. Some girls as young as seven or eight sent in delightful little groups like Teddy Bear picnics and pussies' tea parties. After the age of 15, however, boys take up photography in a big way. Their competition entries show superior skill.

TAKE A LOOK AT NATURE



with
MAXWELL
KNIGHT

seed dressings to protect crops from pests. The animals get poisoned by the treated plants and then some other animal eats the dead ones and so gets poisoned, too.

In Africa there are many threats: poaching for ivory and meat; unnecessary hunting; drought and disease—all take their toll. Other countries in other continents are also facing this problem. What can be done to help?

It would take a long time to tell you all the things that can and are being done, but here are two examples.

A goose in Hawaii, called the Ne-he goose, was reduced in numbers to only 30 in 1950—only 30 in the world! Now, thanks largely to Peter Scott, who got some eggs and has been hatching

them under bantams at Slimbridge in Gloucestershire, the total number of these rare and handsome birds is 350.

Then the Arabian Oryx, the rarest of antelopes, was reduced to about a dozen specimens because the local sheiks hunted them ruthlessly. Aided by the Fauna Preservation Society and the World Wildlife Fund it has been possible to capture a pair and these have been taken to Kenya where, in a game reserve, it is hoped they will breed and be saved as a species.

This is the kind of work which the WWF exists to do.

Many schools have been holding exhibitions and making collections for the Fund and every little helps. The address of the World Wildlife Fund is 2 Caxton Street, London, S.W.1.

on RECORD

BROKEN LEG MADE HIM SING

SHOW business is full of people who tell you that they got their big opportunity by accident. For 23-year-old Lee Corvette this is how it really happened.

"I am keen on judo," explained Lee. "I had gained a yellow belt and was trying to improve when I broke my leg."

While his leg was in plaster he saw an advertisement for a singer to audition

with a local rock 'n' roll group. So he went to the audition. Until then he had scarcely ever sung except in his bath!

But the leader of the group liked Lee's style.

Lee sang with this group until, one night, Patrick Robinson, now his manager, heard him, took him along to a recording studio, and soon got Lee a contract.

He did well with his first record—*TENDER LOVE* (Decca F11481. Single.). Now he has given up his job as a draughtsman and when he is not singing he spends most of his time—"improving" at judo.

OTHER NEW DISCS

Some fine songs have come from the San Remo Song Festival, including the famous *Volare*. The latest is *Al Di La*, which won first prize in 1961. There are two versions of this film theme. One is sung by Emilio Pericoli on Warner Brothers WB69, and the other is played by jazz trumpeter Al Hirt (RCA Victor 1294). Both are singles.

Winifred Atwell, now back in London after a long and successful stay in Australia, makes an exciting return to the record scene with *Game Of Chance* (Pye 7N15444. Single.).

At the Bath Festival Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 3 was played by Alberto Lysy, the pupil of the great violinist Yehudi Menuhin. On a new long player Menuhin himself plays this work with the Bath Festival Orchestra. The record (HMV ALP1905. LP 40s.) also includes Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 5, known as *The Turkish*.

Robert Burns often had a particular tune in mind when he wrote his poetry. Some of his beautiful verse, set to the music he loved, is sung by Duncan Robertson on an extended player—*Scottish Love Songs* (Delyse EDP225. EP 12s.).

For years Sid Phillips and his band have been playing the traditional jazz that has now suddenly become widely popular. A sample can be heard on *Flying Down To Dixie* (HMV DLP1212..LP 26s. 10d.).

Beginning an exciting and very funny story about a schoolboy detective

1. Quiet start to a crisis

ALL day Archie had an uneasy feeling that something unpleasant was about to happen. But here it was, ten to four, and the only thing so far was an argument.

"Of course there's a chance," he burst out, blinking rapidly through the thick lenses of his glasses, as he always did when he got angry.

"Look, chum," Phil Moseley said acidly, "they're experts. They've made three films already over at Stalyford, and the other team—Melstead—won last year's prize. What chance have we got?"

They were standing beside the camera and tripod, at one corner of the school playing-fields, while Mr. Cartwright and a trio of scene-shifters manhandled a heavy bench into position and arranged markers on the grass to show the route Mitch Fallon was to take in approaching it. Archie began lining up the scene through the viewfinder of the camera, but he was still boiling with fury at Phil Moseley's defeatism. If only Phil hadn't appeared in six scenes already it would have been a good idea to have dropped him.

"Action!"

"Ready, everybody?" Mr. Cartwright glanced round at Archie. "Camera ready?"

Archie nodded.

"Right!" shouted Mr. Cartwright. "Mitch, I want you to remember you've just heard the news that you've failed your GCE. You run into the picture, and grab Phil Moseley by the sleeve."

"What happens then, sir?"

"We cut, and move in closer." Mr. Cartwright glanced at Archie, who raised a thumb to signal he was ready.

"Action!" shouted Mr. Cartwright.

Archie pressed the cable release of the camera, and heard the smooth whirr of the big clockwork motor. Through the viewfinder he watched Mitch appear from the left, cross the grass to the bench where Phil Moseley was sitting, and spin him round with a terrific clutch at his arm.

"Cut!" Mr. Cartwright said. "Stay in your positions while Archie . . ."

But that was as far as he got. There was a flash of lightning overhead, and a stray raindrop hit Archie on the cheek.

"Here it comes!" yelled Mitch Fallon. "Run for it!"

Archie hurriedly wrapped the camera in the old waterproof cycling cape he kept for the purpose, then hurried towards the school buildings.

"She's a beauty!"

He pushed through the crowd in the main entrance, and put the camera down carefully in a corner.

"What now?" he panted. "Do we pack up for the day?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Cartwright said. "By the time this clears up, the light won't be good enough for using colour film. Give me the camera, Archie, and I'll lock it up safely for the night."

Archie unwrapped the waterproof cape, and examined the camera for any sinister signs of damp. "Crikey, she's a beauty!" he muttered for the hundredth time.

MYSTERY FOR ARCHIE

by
Robert
Baleman

"If we win this competition we'll be able to have one of our own." Mr. Cartwright picked it up and pressed the dust caps firmly into place over the three lenses. Ruefully he added, "This rain's lost us an extra day. We're going to have a rush to get finished in time for the closing date." He nodded.

"Same time tomorrow—as soon as afternoon school is over, and let's hope the weather forecast is good."

Archie walked home with his mind so full of film sequences and camera angles that he didn't notice the teeming rain streaming down his face.

He was still angry about Phil Moseley's attitude of defeat. Couldn't Phil realise the thrill that would come from beating Stalyford and Melstead, the experts? At least that was how he had felt about it right at the start when Mr. Cartwright had waved the entry form at them in the middle of an art lesson and said, "I can borrow a camera. Who's willing to join me in this?"

Enthusiasm all round

Archie had jumped up straight away. "I'll volunteer for camera work, Mr. Cartwright."

That was how it had begun. There'd been enthusiasm all round, but now . . .

Archie found he'd arrived home. He sloshed his way up the front steps, opened the door, and braced himself for the 45 pounds of dog that hit him in the chest.

"Down, Bonkers!" he said despairingly as a long pink tongue licked the rain off his face. "Sit! There's a good boy. Sit!"

Bonkers stood at full height, with his paws on Archie's shoulders, and barked a deafening welcome.

"Sit," repeated Archie feebly.

The phone rang.

"Henry Archibald McGillicuddy here," said Archie. "Who do you want?"

"I want you, Archie," came Mitch Fallon's voice urgently. "I've had a tip-off."

"What about?" Archie asked.

"About our film," Mitch said. "You know Bill Yates?"

Into Archie's mind came a vivid picture of solid bone and muscle—particularly solid bone from the eyebrows upwards.

"Everybody knows Bill Yates," he said guardedly.

"Well, his sister's a . . . a pal of mine," Mitch said. "She's just

turned up here with a story that Bill and five other nut-cases are planning to meet at the school at eight and pinch our film."

Archie let out a gasp. "What for?"

Mitch laughed grimly. "You know Bill. Does he have to have a reason, except that he doesn't want to make films and therefore doesn't see why anybody else should? What do we do? Tip off old Cartwright?"

"You know better than that, Mitch!" Archie said. "No, we'll stop 'em ourselves. Ring round to everybody, and we'll meet at the school at seven-thirty."

"Huh! Then what?" Mitch's voice over the phone was bitterly sarcastic. "We beat 'em up, I suppose? Tackle 'em with brutal fisticuffs—hand to hand combat and all that. Are you insured?"

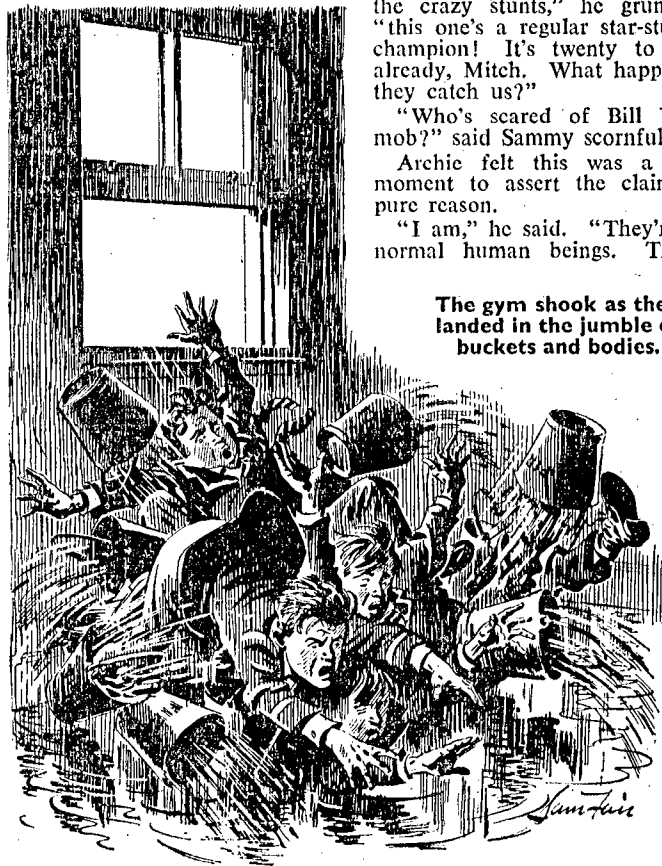
"Against what?"

"Sudden death, chum. We may equal Bill Yates' mob in numbers, if everybody turns up, but they've got nearly twice the weight. Also they're dirty fighters."

"Well, at least we could shift the films to a safe hiding-place before they get there." Archie groped for an idea. "They'll go in through the gym window, I suppose?"

"It's the only way at that time in the evening."

"Supposing we rig a booby trap?"



The gym shook as they landed in the jumble of buckets and bodies.

There was silence at the other end, then a throaty chuckle. "We could run a wire from there to the fire alarms."

"No, that's not fair. It'd bring out everybody on a wild goose chase."

"Pails of water on doors, then? I've never had much faith in that as an idea."

"Pails of . . . no, I've got it!" Archie chuckled. "I'll tell you when I see you. Seven thirty outside the gym window. Get hold of everybody you can, and meet me there. Right?"

Mitch said, "I thought you'd have sense enough to keep

that lunatic dog of yours shut up!"

"I can't help it if somebody opens the back door after I've gone, can I?" Archie said.

He was standing on a narrow stone ledge beside the gym window, with Bonkers draped over his shoulders like a limp sack of coal. The weight was staggering; weird assemblies of bones between his shoulders and his neck made him aware there was a lot about anatomy of which he knew nothing.

He reached the window-sill, and heaved the dog up beside him. Bonkers rocked back and forth, making reluctant noises of protest, then fell inside with a heavy thump and an expiring sound as if he'd made rather a bad landing.

Archie followed, but lowered himself cautiously so that the drop to the floor of the gym was only three feet.

"Who's scared?"

"Are you all right?" Mitch whispered hoarsely from above him, then dropped heavily, missing him by only an inch or two. Before either of them could move, Sammy seemed to catapult over the edge as if leaping from a high diving board, and crashed down on top of them, bringing them down in a heap on the floor.

Phil Moseley came down last, to complete the quartet. "Of all the crazy stunts," he grumbled, "this one's a regular star-studded champion! It's twenty to eight already, Mitch. What happens if they catch us?"

"Who's scared of Bill Yates' mob?" said Sammy scornfully.

Archie felt this was a good moment to assert the claims of pure reason.

"I am," he said. "They're not normal human beings. They're

beam of light shone on the pale face of Sammy, who jumped a yard and collided with something that rang like the gong of an oriental temple.

"Crumsb!" Sammy exploded loudly, "let's have a warning next time you do something like that!"

"Sorry, but the films are in my locker, right beside you," Archie said.

He moved the beam of the torch, opened the door of the locker, and looked with tremendous relief at the three small yellow cardboard boxes containing the films. He realised that one half of him had been dreading the possibility that Bill Yates' sister had got the time wrong, and that the raid had already been carried out before they arrived.

"Well, get 'em out quickly, Archie, and find somewhere to hide 'em." Phil was clearly anxious to be off.

"I'm not hiding them here." Archie put the boxes into his pockets. "The safest place I know is in my bedroom cupboard. Then first thing in the morning off they go to the labs to be developed."

Booby traps?

"Come on, then." Phil was already halfway out of the hall, and they fell in behind him. Back in the gym, Archie shot across to the window, with Bonkers leaping and snuffing round his heels.

"Hey, wait a minute!" said Sammy, "aren't we going to ambush Bill Yates?"

Archie grabbed Bonkers by the collar. "Not with a hundred and fifty feet of colour film in my pockets! Anyway, I'm not the hero type. Last time I punched anyone the only thing that got hurt was my wrist." He paused. "We could leave a booby trap I thought of. There are twelve fire buckets out there in the passage, all full of water that hasn't been changed in ten years."

"Uh?"

"Ranged out like draughtsmen under this window, they'll bring suffering and strange oaths to those who land in them!"

"Come back!"

There was a gurgling of suppressed laughter from Sammy.

"Okay," Mitch whispered, "only we'd better be quick. Hey, Phil, come back! There's work to be done."

"Not by Philip Moseley, Esquire!" Phil's shadow loomed above them in the frame of the window. "P. Moseley has done his little reluctant whack. P. Moseley is off home to watch telly." The shadow vanished; there was a thump, and then retreating footsteps.

"Gutless!" snorted Mitch. "Come on, let's get those buckets."

They were heavy, grimy, and smelled of decay. Archie, Mitch and Sammy staggered into the gym carrying two at a time, and spaced them only a few inches apart. Anybody lucky enough to miss with one foot would certainly score a bull's eye with the other.

"And now," said Mitch softly, "let us follow the example of our less courageous comrade, and melt away softly into the night."

"Sssh!" Archie caught his arm. "Listen!"

There was a muffled sound of footfalls on the concreted walk outside, plus a mutter of conversation.

Continued on page 10

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WORLD OF STAMPS

HANDSOME ISSUES FROM LIECHTENSTEIN

IN modern times Europe has suffered more than any other continent from wars, revolutions, and similar upheavals. These have made it very difficult for the weaker nations to keep their independence. In spite of this, a few small countries have managed to survive, and through their stamp issues have become especially familiar to stamp collectors.

There is the tiny republic of San Marino, in north-eastern Italy; the principality of Monaco, in southern France; and the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, bordering Belgium, France, and Germany.

Sandwiched between Switzerland and Austria is yet another small country. This is the principality of Liechtenstein, whose beautiful stamps have made it a firm favourite with collectors everywhere.

Until 1919 Liechtenstein was under the protection of Austria and its postal services were run by the Austrian Post Office. This explains why the first stamps of Liechtenstein, issued in 1912 closely resembled the Austrian issues of that time. They were, in fact, produced by the same artists and printers. Their designs



showed a portrait of Prince John II and the coat-of-arms of Liechtenstein. In 1920 Liechtenstein took control of its own postal services and a new

series of postage due stamps was also issued at the same time and specimens of these are often to be found in mixed packets. Although their design, pictured



here, was very simple, their varying shades of red, brown, and blue have made these postage due stamps popular with collectors.

Since then many attractive stamps have shown views of the principality's Alpine scenery. Prince Francis Joseph II, ruler of Liechtenstein, lives in the historic castle of Vaduz. This is perched on a towering rock high above the town of Vaduz, which is the capital of the principality. Several stamps have featured views of this fairy-tale castle.

Also very popular have been the series of sports stamps issued in recent years. Pictured here is the 20-rappen value of the 1956 series.



showing a hurdler. A javelin-thrower, a sprinter, and a pole-vaulter are depicted on the other values.

Three new issues of stamps are being planned in Liechtenstein for release next month. There will be a 50-rappen stamp to honour the World Health Organisation's campaign to eradicate malaria.

Three special stamps will celebrate the 50th anniversary of the first Liechtenstein issue. These will show portraits of the three princes who have ruled since 1912. A philatelic exhibition is also being held in Vaduz as part of the jubilee celebrations.

The third new issue, pictured here, is a 50-rappen stamp



dedicated to friendship among European nations. Inscribed "Europa," it shows two hands touching in a friendly gesture.

C. W. HILL

MYSTERY FOR ARCHIE

Continued from page 9

"Oh, crikey!" said Sammy, "that's Bill Yates and his lot now!"

"Quick!" said Mitch. "Over there behind the vaulting horse. And keep that four-legged shunting engine of yours quiet, Archie. Every time he breathes the windows rattle."

As Archie crouched behind the vaulting horse, he saw a silhouette in the window frame. He gulped, and stroked Bonkers' head. "Quiet, boy!" he breathed.

"Catch hold of my arm, Jerry," Archie heard Bill Yates say. "I'll heave you up."

Then there were two figures against the sky, side by side.

"Okay, Jerry? Then here we go."

Crash like a bomb

The two silhouettes vanished. A split second later it was as if a bomb had landed in a drum factory. The crash of four feet into the fire buckets was followed by a wail of agony from someone, then Bill Yates' shout of rage—also a shout of warning to the next two who had climbed up to the window.

But the warning came too late! The gym shook as they landed in the jumble of buckets and bodies, and Archie heard a wild hoot of laughter from beside him as the

situation became too much for Sammy.

At that same moment Bonkers gave a deep growl and slipped his collar. He rushed, barking and leaping, among the bodies and fire buckets.

Figures appeared in the window again—but this time they were outward bound. Bonkers' fierce barking was drowned by the yells of rage from the retreating gang.

And then, suddenly, there was silence except for heavy panting from Bonkers, who appeared in their midst, soaking wet and smelling of very old stagnant mud.

"Crums!" Mitch exploded, clutching his nose, "those buckets were riper than I thought."

"Come here, Bonks, there's a good lad," Archie clutched a handful of wet slimy fur, and managed to replace the collar. "Well, that's it. Now home we go."

"What about the mess?" asked Sammy doubtfully.

"We didn't make it, did we?" Mitch's voice was all innocence.

"Just one thing," Archie said. "In case they're lurking outside. I've had second thoughts about the films. I'm going to put them with the camera in Carty's locker."

Mitch faced him. "Now how on earth d'you hope to do that? It's locked. Only Cartwright has a key."

"Sure, but he showed me where he keeps it—so I can get the camera when I need it." Archie led the way out of the gym again, down the passage to the main hall and into the staff room. "The key's on top of a picture," he said, and flicked on the switch of the pencil torch. "Up there."

Mitch felt along the top of the picture frame. "Maybe that's where he used to keep it, but it's certainly not there now."

"It must be! It's always there."

Behind them a cupboard door creaked. "Who needs a key?" said Sammy. "I just pulled the knob, and there you are."

Sudden shock

Archie pulled the films out of his pocket.

"Hey, you're not putting them in there if we can't lock it up," protested Sammy.

Archie directed the beam of the torch into the cupboard. "They'll be all right. I'll hide them at the back, behind the cam..."

He froze.

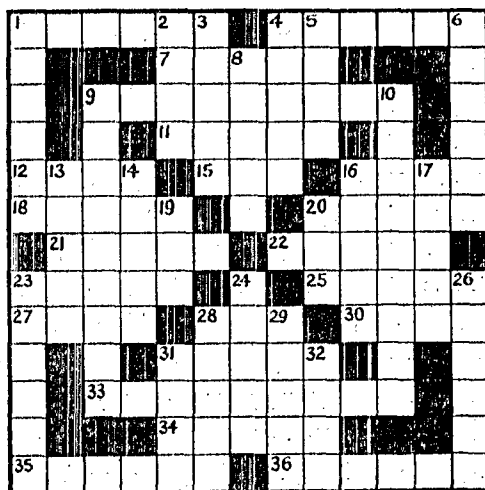
"What's up?"

Archie rushed to the cupboard and shone the torch into the depths. "I'll tell you what's up," he said, and his voice was shaking. "Somebody's pinched the camera!"

To be continued

PLEASURE PARADE

by
Guy Williams



Crossword puzzle

READING ACROSS : 1 A colour—or coins. 4 Broken off or sudden. 7 Proportion. 9 Seasoning. 11 Agog or anxious. 12 Pool. 15 Colour. 16 Entreaty. 18 Understood but not expressed. 20 Fold or crease. 21 Signs of grief. 22 Harvests. 23 Tired. 25 Not this, the—. 27 "If you were the — girl in the world," said the old song. 28 Health resort having mineral spring. 30 One of the common compounds of sodium. 31 It is worn round the neck. 33 Make a decision. 34 Go in. 35 Start again. 36 Hold back.
READING DOWN : 1 A manuscript—or the style of handwriting on it. 2 The sea-eagle. 3 Apparatus used for radio-location. 4 Pointed at. 5 Dutch farmer of South Africa. 6 Menace. 8 Fierce animal. 9 Hidden. 10 You might speak to your friends on it. 13 Made of oatmeal. 14 Pocket book for noting engagements and events. 16 Schemes. 17 Relieved. 19 Attempt. 20 Little professional! 23 Astonishment. 24 Separately. 26 Fixed portion; daily allowance. 28 Part of a play. 29 Equipped with weapons. 31 Stalk. 32 Flame.

Answer in columns 4 and 5

Find the word

The stars between the rows of letters represent the letters in the name of something that can make a long climb much easier! If you guess the word correctly, you will find that, when read downwards, nine three-letters words have been formed.

W A I C O W A T D
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
T K E T D N E O Y

AT THE SEASIDE

The names of eight things to be found at the seaside are given here, but in each case the letters have been jumbled. Can you sort them out?

ABCR, WRANP, BOLSTER, AFHRSST, ELMTIP, ASE MENANOE, DEWEASE, SLEMUS.

SO ODD

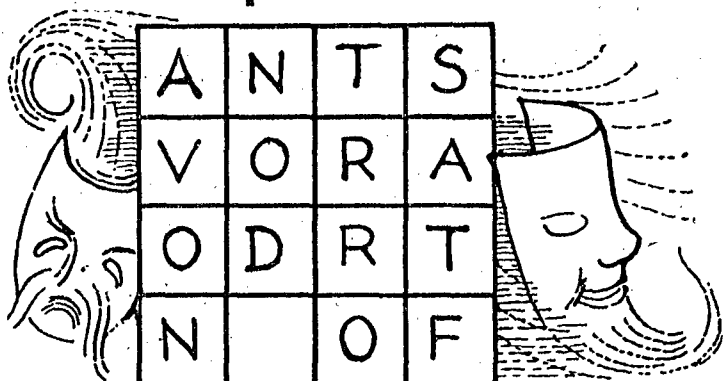
Five of the names below have something in common; the other should not really be there. Which is out of place?

Airedale; Clydesdale; Labrador; Retriever; Pekingese; Poodle.

A hobby for all

My first is in crazy, and also in curled,
My second's in globe, and you'll find it in world,
My third is in flutter, and also in flap,
My fourth is in laughter, and also in clap,
My fifth is in butter, and also in eggs,
My sixth is in face, you'll not find it in legs,
My seventh's in toast, but it's left out of bacon,
My eighth is in thief, but it isn't in taken,
My ninth is in coin, but it isn't in colour,
My tenth is in bright, it's never in duller,
My whole is a hobby that each girl and boy,
Who tries it can hardly fail to enjoy!

Birthplace of a writer



START in a corner and pass through each of the squares to form the name of the birthplace of a famous English writer.

The duck that laughed

THE Coots living on the lake in the gravel pit were annoyed. For a pair of large, black-and-white Ducks, with bright chestnut breast bands, scarlet beaks, and coral feet had been visiting the lake daily.

"It is our lake! And everyone knows their home is miles away on the shore," said an old Coot. "I saw lots of them dabbling for food in the wet sand myself when I was once driven to the coast by frost."

"How silly to come here, then!" said another.

But the Shelduck, who was now inspecting a deserted rabbit burrow in the bank which her drake had pointed out, only quacked mockingly.

Presently she had a nest of moss and grass down at the end of the burrow and was sitting on seven white eggs.

"How silly! She can't go looking for salt water food now!" said the Coots.

But Shelduck only laughed. For

the drake came flying back to tell her when the tide was out so that she could search the wet sands quickly while he stayed at the nest.

In June, when the eggs hatched, and the downy white ducklings with a dark brown cross on their back followed their mother out of the tunnel, the Coots were even more scornful.

"How will you get them to the sea? They can't fly!" they jeered.

"We shall walk," laughed the Shelduck.

"All that way, and in the dark as well! You're crazy," they cried.

But in a few days the whole family set off walking along the cross-country route the parents had planned.

"Tell me," said a Gull later as he met the family foodhunting on the shore. "Did you not carry any of them? At all?"

"That's my secret," replied the Shelduck, laughing.

JANE THORNICROFT

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Crossword Puzzle. ACROSS. 1 Silver. 4 Abrupt. 7 Ratio. 9 Condiment. 11 Eager. 12 Pond. 15 Red. 16 Plea. 18 Tacit. 20 Plect. 21 Tears. 22 Crops. 23 Weary. 25 Other. 27 Only. 28 Spa. 30 Soda. 31 Scarf. 33 Determenc. 34 Enter. 35 Resume. 36 Detain. DOWN. 1 Script. 2 Ernc. 3 Radar. 4 Aimed. 5 Boer. 6 Threat. 8 Tiger. 9 Concealed. 10 Telephone. 13 Oaten. 14 Diary. 16 Plots. 17 Eased. 19 Try. 20. Pro. 23 Wonder. 24 Apart. 26 Ration.

28 Scene. 29 Armed. 31 Stem. 32 Fire. Find the word. At the seaside. Crab; prawn; lobster; starfish; limpet; sea anemone; seaweed; mussel. So odd. Clydesdale is a horse; the others are dogs. A hobby for all. Collecting. Birthplace of a writer. Stratford-on-Avon (Shakespeare was born there 22nd or 23rd April, 1564).

DO IT YOURSELF!

Making a glass-fronted case for a Natural History display

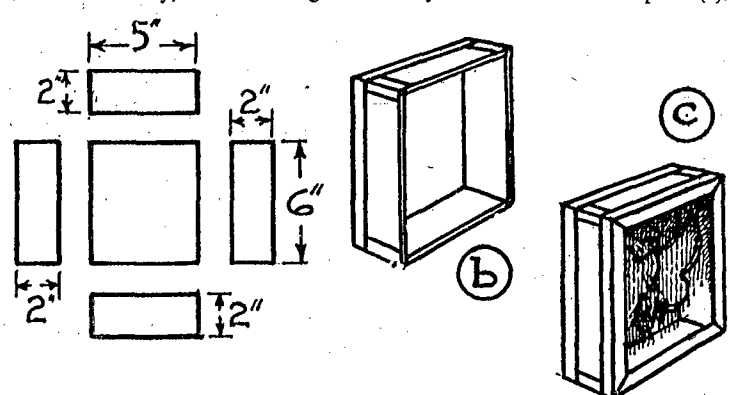
IF you are interested in Natural History, you may like to make some little glass-fronted cases for the storage and display of specimens.

A small rectangle of glass, pieces of cardboard or strawboard, and some lengths of passe-partout or strips of gummed paper are all you will need.

Cutting glass to an exact size is not at all easy, so it is a good

piece that is to be the back of the case is exactly the same size as the glass. The other four pieces are each 2 inches wide and as long as the four edges of the glass.

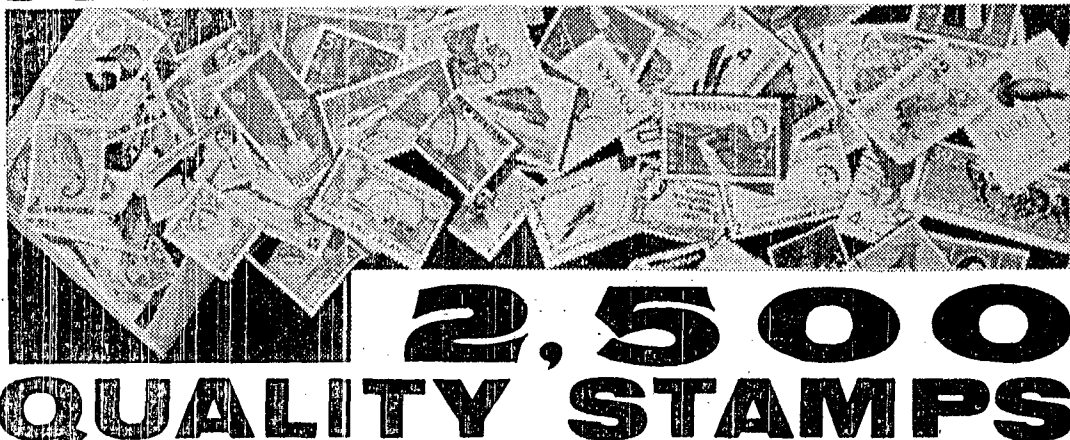
The drawing (b) shows how the pieces of strawboard or cardboard are assembled with lengths of gummed strip or passe-partout. When you've arranged your specimens, fasten the glass in position and your case will be complete (c).



idea to make a case to a size that suits any piece of glass that may be spare—old picture frames often contain useful pieces of glass, for example.

In the drawing you can see how five pieces of strawboard or cardboard can be cut to suit a piece of glass 6 inches by 5 inches. The

Many stationers sell small metal rings, with tongues attached, for fixing in the backs of small picture frames. If you buy one of these, push the tongue through a slit in the back of the case, and fasten the ring before fixing the glass in position. The case will be ready then for hanging on a wall.



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**Taking things in
his stride**



OVERSEAS OPPOSITION IN THE WOMEN'S AAA

SEVERAL of the titles are likely to go overseas when the Women's Amateur Athletics Championships are held at London's White City on Saturday.

Among the competitors will be six Dutch girls, four from Germany, three from Italy, two from France, and two Australians. But good results this Saturday could influence the selectors of the European Games' team, and our girls will be "all out" to impress. In fact, this meeting could be one of the best for years.

One of the most thrilling races should be the half-mile, in which

Mrs. Joy Jordan will be attempting to gain her sixth successive title. Among her opponents will be the Dutch champion, Gerda Kramm, and Brenda Jones, 25-year-old Melbourne typist now working at Australia House in London. Brenda was second in the 800 metres at the Rome Olympics, and Saturday's race will be in the nature of a rehearsal for the 880 yards event at the Empire Games in Perth, when she and Joy Jordan are expected to be chief rivals for the gold medal.

Among the younger athletes who will be all out to stake a claim for a place in our teams for the European and Empire Games' teams will be Jennifer Taylor, 17-year-old Surrey schoolgirl from Mitcham, who has already gained two international badges and is now one of our most promising sprinters.



Jennifer Taylor

Sheila Parkin, another 17-year-old, from Yorkshire, former All-England schoolgirl champion, could cause a surprise in the long-jump; in any case she should have a great tussle with Loraine Winfield, the Millfield School girl who made such a great impression last season and could well become our leading long-jumper in future internationals.

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD John Verity, the Yorkshire junior pole vault champion, has plenty of practice at work. For John takes a pole with him round his father's farm—and takes hedges, ditches, and gates in his stride, not to mention his father's tractor.

John's best leap is 12 feet 1 inch. But he is improving at the rate of a foot a year, and so hopes to become a serious challenger in top-class athletics before long.

His next big date is Saturday, when he takes part in the Northern Counties championships at Blackpool.

Fiery Freddie does well on his home ground

THE Pakistani cricketers, visiting Headingley (Leeds) for the third Test match which starts on Thursday, will be making their first appearance on the famous Yorkshire ground. The 1954 Pakistan party did not play at Headingley and this year's fixture with Yorkshire was at Bradford.

But one man who is no stranger to Headingley is Freddie Trueman, the fiery Yorkshire and England fast bowler. He made his Test debut at Leeds in 1952

against India, and has never been on the losing side on his "home" ground, for when England last lost a Test at Leeds (against South Africa in 1955), Freddie was not playing. Last year in the Leeds Test against Australia he took eleven wickets for 88 runs in the two innings.

Incidentally, since the first Test at Leeds in 1893, 26 matches have been played there, and England's record is eleven victories, ten draws, and only five defeats.

Chance for young Lancashire cricketers

A HOLIDAY with exciting prospects has been offered to six young Lancashire cricketers during their summer vacation. They have been invited to spend the holidays at Old Trafford, home of the Lancashire County cricket club, to play for the junior and club-and-ground sides, and join the coaching sessions.

These six promising young cricketers played in the recent North Lancashire v. South Lancashire Schoolboys match for the Evening News Cup and were chosen by the County because of their undoubted potential.

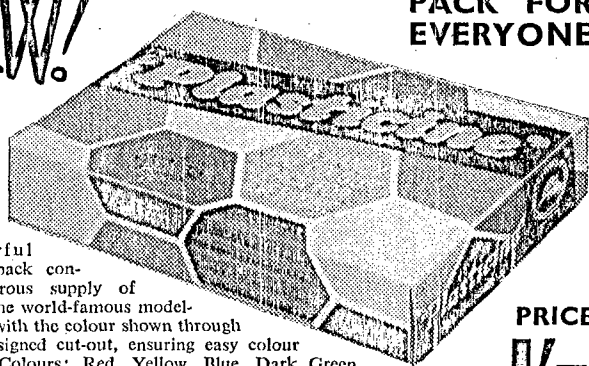
They are Alan Thomas and

Graham Heywood, high-scoring batsmen from the Canon Slade Grammar School, Bolton; Jeffrey Mayes, fine opening batsman from Preston Grammar School; Leslie Stott, from Rochdale Grammar School; David Lloyd, left-hand all-rounder from Accrington; and Martyn Greenhalgh, left-hand bat and right-arm medium pace bowler, from Tottington, whose father was well-known in Lancashire league cricket.

The Lancashire County club are starting a new scheme for apprentice professionals, in which boys will not only be given every chance to develop their cricket,

but also helped to find apprenticeships in some trade outside the game.

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